THE DEAR HUNTER

ANTIMAI

1. Ring 8 - POVERTY

Indigo.

One kind met with a great divide.
Walls prescribe the worth of a bloodline.
Antimai[1] had forgotten what it was created for.

Outside, life has a different plight where
Chance invites bereavement of every kind.
Antimai. Don't get too attached to who you get to know.

Dead zone[2].
From far far away, you know
we're dying just to get a glimpse.
Disowned.
Then we get turned away
Good day. Back to the beginning.
Hang Tight.
Cycles never-ending.
Living on the outside.

We're going hungry and we're out of time.
Faith in the Child[3] keeps us pretty alright
Just past the dividing line
Between the blessed and cursed of Antimai.

New home. Hard to go it alone.
Seize fate. Pair off and procreate.
Antimai, will find them a use when they are old enough.

Young blood. Blessed to make the cut.
Past-erased. All by the holy state of Antimai.

Dead zone.
From far far away, you know
we're dying just to get a glimpse.
Disowned.
Then we get turned away
Good day. Back to the beginning.
Hang Tight.
Cycles never-ending.
Living on the outside.
All Light.

Dead zone.
With so little left and nowhere else to go
Disowned.
We would have to be crazy to talk back.
It's better we hang tight.
Someone's bound to come and save us.

2. Ring 7 - INDUSTRY

Walk this way
when you want to keep your secrets.
Otherwise, it's a big mistake
Thinking that you're hiding what you are...
'Cause you're not fooling anyone.

So, your family caste you down?
Join the rest of us
Bio-Pariahs[4].

If you're too low to get down in LoTown[5]
They're probably gonna bring you here.
You were up in the Pantheon...
Now you're struggling to get out of this ditch,
Well, we'll make you into Meka-Nik[6].

You should'a tried to hide it, belie it, deny it...
Now, this is as good as it gets.
And there is nothing that can keep
The job and you from integrating.
So you better get used to it.
Here you can be it, believe it,
You see it?
Then you don't say anything.
We're all just trying to uncover what was
Punished by our mothers[7]
With another now and then.

Your family tossed you out
Like the rest of us,

And I heard you're new in town,
So join the rest of us Bio-Pariahs!

If you're too low to get down in LoTown
They're probably gonna bring you here.
You were up in the Pantheon...
Now you're struggling to get out of this ditch,
Well, we'll make you into Meka-Nik.

Go ahead and wave goodbye to the old town.
They are done with you, it's clear.
You don't know what to do,
But we know what you're going through so
Let that panic disappear.

3. Ring 6 - LoTOWN

Raised routinely to believe
We've a narrowed purpose
We can't contravene.

Blessed is the obligation.
Anything unique is blasphemy.
They need more mouths to feed.

Some of us fall off the path.
Make our decisions
Never looking back.

Autonomy's short-lived. They don't forgive.
And so, we're damned by autocrats
To feed the mouths in need.

But the quotas are too much.
The yields not enough.
We work our hardest, but
The basins[8] drying up,

And they deny that simple truth.
They seem determined, resolute,
To fail.

We're held beneath the monolith of their manipulation,
We exist entangled in creation.
Hypocrites too often make decisions,
Raring to quote a God
To get what they want.

Down here we all grow anything we want to,
And every single bloom's a victory.
Any joy you can find
Is encouraged by the Consistery[9].

Down here we share the weight of every burden,
But every sister is your devotee.
Whoever you were,
When you come here, it's ancient history.

We're held beneath the monolith of their manipulation,
We exist entangled in creation.
Hypocrites too often make decisions,
Raring to quote a God
To get what they want.

From down here,
The sunlight rarely warms the ice enough to break a sweat,
But nothing rivals just how cold another's judgement gets.
This bit of distance sure does hush those holy epithets.

From down here,
The city's voices bounce around till nothings clear at all
So we dissociate from anyone who's never made the fall.
You'll never get us until you're with us, down here.

4. Ring 5 - MIDDLE CLASS

Hard to believe He[10] lets us wake up every day,
Glory to He who keeps the alien[11] away.

'Cause we have been assigned to turn one and one to three,
But God says "Keep away the blood of the refugee."
So, most of us will come to see that we may never leave,
But if we could...

"Believe us! Believe us! Oh yeah, we got it so good,
That we'll stay here with our heads right in the sand,
Just like we should."

We would love if it was better out there,
And we would fix it if we only had the time.
But the business begets a blindness,
And the comforts enjoyed eclipse our eyeline.

So when you are assigned to turn one and one to three,
Do your job or go the way of the refugee.
Like most of us, you'll come to see that we may never leave,
But if we could...

"Believe us! Believe us! Oh yeah, we got it so good.
Whenever you need us, you've got us on the hook.
Yeah, we'll stay here with our heads right in the sand,
Just like we should.
Yeah, we'll stand proud with our heads in the ground,
Just like you said we should."

Muted shades give way to inner riot.
Creases deepen under your command.

But worry leads to nothing, anyway,
And who are we to whine
When at the end of the day we've realized
We're just doing time.

They got you buying your chains.

It's hard to believe we've never realized that
We'll run out of room to grow.

Well, maybe we'll marry up.
Maybe we'll have a daughter[12] who marries up.
Maybe she'll have a daughter who marries up.

At least you're kind enough to meet in the middle
Between what has kept us alive and thriving,
And what makes us wanna die for your light
On us to shine.

But we gotta come on, what did we expect now.
We keep our heads down half the time
No need to reflect how
There really isn't anything to do.

So sit back and power through.
Better than take your chance in the earth[13].
Best to live than to die for what you're worth.

They got you buying your chains.

5. Ring 4 - PATROL

They see me strolling in my uniform,
Acting like they seen a ghost.
Wish I could tell 'em that I mean no harm,
But I wouldn't want to lose my post.

It's risky returning to my stomping ground
After giving em a guarantee
That I'd never do anything so profound
As become the enemy.

But I used to be weak.
Weary of the wise.
I used to let my life get the best of me.
Then I was given a choice
And it was easy to see all I needed was
A little bit of power.

Now anybody with their head on straight,
Can see me coming miles away.
But I never expected I'd get so much hate
For putting people in their place.

It would be difficult to find
Something in mind we couldn't do
To anyone who gives as much as a dirty look.
Don't make it you.

We used to be weak.
Weary of the wise.

Used to let our lives keep us in the weeds.
Then we were given a choice

And it was easy to see what we needed.
What we need is power,
So we don't have to think about a thing.
So we can bring you all to your knees.
We can keep you from forgetting
We got the power to get away with anything,
Over and over again.

Three days straight seeing monochrome.
Fuse is used. Ready to blow.
Called on to be vicious,
Callous and expeditious.
Well, I can't tell when I last slept,
And though my conscience is a bit unkempt,
Well, it's no bother, I can just forget,
And never bother with a bit of it again.

If my morals seem a bit mislaid
It might be easy to forget
If I ever tried to disobey
You're probably gonna find me dead.

Power.

What we need is power,
So we don't have to think about a thing.
So we can bring you all to your knees.
We can keep you from forgetting
We got the power to get away with anything,
Over and over again.

6. Ring 3 - LUXURY

Pt. 1 : The Hall of The Guides

We can pick, we can choose.
We can make moves no matter what they lose.
We can be right, we can be wrong,
We can make mistakes.

"Our reign is long"[14]
Cause Gentlemen, I believe everything happens for reasons,
Just Look at the seasons!
And here, we've been divined
Roots entrenched in time-honored traditions,
Which we all can malign.
"...And We have the right!"

Here, a man who is dying.
Here, a child was born.
"Take him for everything. Take him for everything."

Yes, following form,
We will pick his carcass clean,
But first, there is one thing on which we must agree.

"Official decree!"

On the one hand, we can starve the child,
OOH!
On the other hand, we can let the elder die.
AHH!

How to keep the flow of food to hungry mouths?
On second thought...
Fuck 'em, they'll figure it out!

You can lose your damned mind
Here in The Hall of The Guides[15].
Win or lose, it's alright.
You're in The Hall of The Guides.

They talk of a famine? No!
They talk of a drought? No!
They should be happy that anyone's hearing 'em out.

Look at 'em whimper.
OOH!
Look at 'em wheeze.
AHH!
Alienating the ones they are meant to appease.

But their gratitude's all but devolved into platitudes!
OOH!
And they still suspect we'll give them more?
AHH!
They leave us wanting, then perish wondering why?
OOH!

Waste not your time.
Fuck em, they'll shut up and die.

You can lose your damned mind
Here in The Hall of The Guides
Win or lose, it's alright.
You're in The Hall of The Guides.

We have lost our damned minds
Here in The Hall of The Guides.
Win or lose, we're alright
Here in The Hall of The Guides.

We'll persist, and endure.
We'll maintain the status quo.
"Our power's pure."

They'll resist, but we'll assure
That nothing ever changes
"Still we cast a lure."

Sure, bring them in
With a lie.
"Welcome!"
We could always use another tithe.

...and time will pass.

Pt. II : The Chosen Righteous Few

Waking in bliss might sound passe
When you're living in a paradise:
The kind of place where you've never
Had to work a day.

Passing the time with what you crave
Cause you know anything you need can
Be provided when you want it.

We want a lot, so they got to give.

What could you fear for with walls as high as these?
If you can't see beyond your windows,
It's hard to find the room to care for–Oh, anything...
But we want it all!

And if they've got something to give...
They're gonna give it all if
They still gotta will to live.

There always will be a cream of the crop,
And we're never getting off the top. No!
The pick of the litter.
You know we've got to be a chosen righteous few
Who've come prepared with what they've inherited...

What have you?

They save their whole lives so they can someday
Live a little like we do, for one day
But if they get to see just how sweet life could be,
It'll be hard for them to find the room
To care for anything, on returning.

And if there's something left to give,
They gotta give it all
If they still got the will to live.

There always will be a cream of the crop,
And we're never getting off the top. No!
The pick of the litter.
You know we've got to be a chosen righteous few
Who've come prepared with what they've inherited...
But what have you?

Nothing.

We can't see beyond our windows
But we deal in everything.
Pay no mind which way the wind blows
'Cause we can weather anything.

"Left. Right. Slide to the Back.
Hop to the Right.
Now Kick and Clap.
Hands to the Sky and a Shake of the Knees
Praise In His Number, XCV!
Alright, you Pigs!"

7. Ring 2 - NATURE

At first, there was no one to meddle,
Just the wind to help us settle.

We were drinking from the heavens.
Digging down into the earth.

We were thriving undisturbed.

Then there arose those intent on moving,
And like a miracle, they kept improving.

Then change begat the tail
Begat the fin begat the fist.

Strength enough to subsist.

Something changed in them
When they heard "I am."
Our unbroken pact
Was now illusory.

So still we have to be
While waiting endlessly
For what is unforeseen.

Time passed and they continued growing
In the vacuum of their unknowing.
Slowly they were changing,
Taking much more than they need.

Envy, the perfect seed.

Something changed in them
When they heard "I am."

Our unbroken pact
Was now illusory.

So still we have to be
while waiting endlessly
For what is unforeseen.

The fist begets the stick
The stick begets the blade
But the blade begets the bullet
And the bullet begets the bomb.

Well, no worries, just laughter
'Cause we'll be here after...
It might hurt, but they'll go away.

8. Ring 1 - TOWER

What a wonderland,
Watching them bend to my demands.
"That's too much power for one man."
It's what they all say,
If they don't understand...

That you're never getting to Tower[16],
Unless you're coming from Tower.

I can level any landscape.
In fact, there's little left to bring me more joy.
From peaks to valleys,
Boulevards to alleys...
Why waste my time trynna be a diplomat
When I deliver pain?

And there is nothing that compares to

How good it feels to be the one to push the domino.
What's beneath it? What's ahead?
No matter, the path won't
wrap around 'till long after I'm dead,
And one truth remains...

That you'll not gain any power,
Unless you're starting with power,
And you're not starting with power,
Unless you come from Tower.

Why do you feel your world is safe?
I was bred behind the barricade.
One by one we must accept our fate.
Mine was rising up to dominate.

Who was the first to
Make all the world ask "why?"
They turned to any reply we tried.
Love failed– Unable to change their minds,
So fear prevailed, and took control.

Why would the emperor need new clothes
If he keeps the people indisposed?
They are blessed if they even get to see him.

The world will never be the same,
So line right up and Praise his name.
Oooh, so lucky you get to live beneath him.

Life is a dream, and you're in mine.
Yeah, you're in mine.

But oh, what a nightmare I could provide ya.
Me on a bad day. You in a bad way.

Without a warning I'll put you in mourning.
When the light in you dims down,
I'll blot the sun out.

Why are the emperors in repose
Like all of the people can be disposed?
Facts are fiction if you've never seen 'em.

The world is only made more insane,
When the helpless many praise the names of
The very ones who want us stuck beneath them.

FOOTNOTES:

1.ANTIMAI: THE LAST CITY, PROTECTED BY THE WALLS OF A LARGE CRATER

2.DEAD ZONE: LAWLESS POCKETS OF LAND PATROLLED BY MAURAUDERS.

3.THE INDIGO CHILD THE SUBJECT OF A POPULAR FAITH AMONGST THE IMPOVERISHED OF ANTIMAI.

4.BIO-PARIAH: A DEROGATORY TERM USED TO DESCRIBE THE CITIZENS OF RINGS 6 AND 7; BIOLOGICAL NON-CONFORMISTS.

5.LOTOWN: ANTIMAI'S 6TH RING, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CULTIVATION OF ANTIMAI'S FOOD SUPPLY.

6.MEKA-NIK: AN INFORMAL TITLE APPLIED TO THOSE WHO ASSIMILATE INTO THE MALE-ONLY POPULATION OF ANTIMAI'S 7TH RING.

7.THE MOST COMMON INFORMANTS OF BIOLOGICAL NON-CONFORMATION ARE THE OFFENDER'S FAMILY.

8.LOTOWN, ANTIMAI'S 6TH RING IS HOUSED ENTIRELY WITHIN THE CRATER'S CANALS, UTILIZING THE BASIN'S RARE FERTILE SOIL.

9.CONSISTERY (CONSISTORY) - LOTOWN'S GOVERNING BODY, ESTABLISHED UPON FORMATION OF ANTIMAI'S FARMS. SPELLING EVENTUALLY ADAPTED TO THE RING'S FEMALE-ONLY POPULATION.

10.XCV - THE CURRENT RULER IN ANTIMAI'S HEREDITARY LINE OF SUCCESION.

11."ALIEN" IS A DEROGETORY ANTIMAIIN TERM FOR ANYONE BORN BEYOND THE SLUMS OF RING 8, THOUGH OFTEN USED WITHIN THE CITIES WALLS TO DESCRIBE CITIZENS OF RING 8, AS WELL.

12.DAUGHTER OF THE 5TH RING OF ANTIMAI ARE ABLE TO MARRY INTO RINGS 4 AND 3.

13.A TERM USED TO DESCRIBE ANY LAND OUTSIDE OF ANTIMAI.

14.GUIDES ARE APPOINTED IN LATE ADOLESCENCE AND SERVE A LIFE TERM.

15.THE OFFICIAL MEETING SPACE FOR ANTIMAI'S ADVISORS.

16.THE ONLY BUILDING WITHIN ANTIMAI'S FIRST RING; HOME TO THE GOD EMPEROR.

THE DEAR HUNTER - ANTIMAI

CASEY CRESCENZO: VOCALS, TALKBOX,GUITAR,
SYNTH, RHODES, ORGAN, PERCUSSION
NICK CRESCENZO: DRUMS, VOCALS
ROB PARR: GUITAR, SYNTH, VOCALS
NICK SOLLECITO: BASS, SYNTH, VOCALS
MAX TOUSSEAU: GUITAR, SYNTH, VOCALS

TIVOLI CRESCENZO: VOCALS
ROWEN CRESCENZO: BEATBOXING
JUDY CRESCENZO: VOCALS
AIDEN EARLY: PERCUSSION, VOCALS

ADD. KEYS ON TRACK 6 (PT. II)
BY GAVIN CASTLETON

ROSS EUSTIS: TRUMPET
MIKE MCCANN: TRUMPET
JON BRUMMEL: TROMBONE
BRIAN BOSLEY: TENOR SAXOPHONE
CAROLYN WALTER: BARITONE SAXOPHONE

HORN ARRANGEMENTS BY BRIAN ADAM MCCUNE,
EXCEPT TRACK 8 ARRANGED BY CASEY CRESCENZO.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAR HUNTER
LYRICS BY CASEY CRESCENZO

PRODUCED BY CASEY CRESCENZO

MIXED BY MIKE WATTS AT VUDU STUDIOS

MASTERED BY MIKE KALAJIAN AT ROGUE PLANET
MASTERING

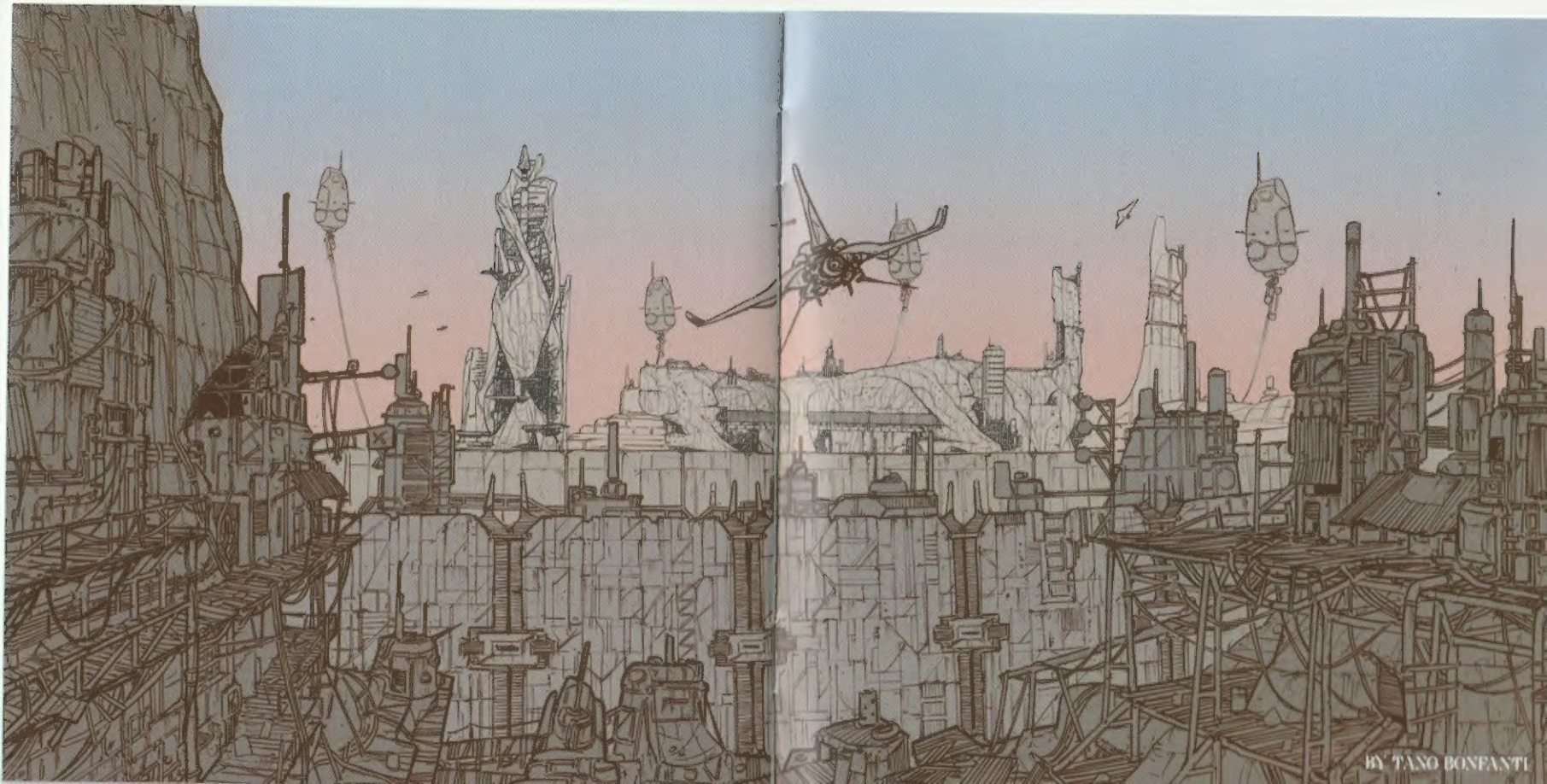
ENGINEERING: CASEY CRESCENZO, NICK CRESCENZO,
AIDEN EARLY, ROBERT PARR, NICK SOLLECITO, MAX
TOUSSEAU, ALBERTO HERNANDEZ, FRANK MITARITONNA.

RECORDED AT:
CAVE & CANARY STUDIO, VUDU STUDIOS, THE SAD CASTLE,
ALBERTO HERNANDEZ AUDIO
& VARIOUS HOMES

COVER ART & LAYOUT: CASEY CRESCENZO

MANAGEMENT: TIM KIRCH AT 8123 MANAGEMENT
BOOKING: ANDREW ELLIS AT APA

WE ARE THANKFUL TO EVERYONE WHO GIVES US THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MUSIC, AND ANYONE WHO WOULD TAKE THE TIME TO LISTEN TO IT.


BY TANO BONFANTI

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